To urge the thing held as a ceremony:
*Nerriſſa* teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile die for't, but ſome woman had the Ring.

*Baſſ.* No by my honour Madam, by my ſoule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And ſuffered him to go diſpleaſd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmere it: pardon me good Lady,
For by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

*Por.* Let not that Doctor ere come nere my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
Ile have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his Clarke: therefore be well adviſd,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the young Clarks Pen.

*Anth.* I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.

*Baſſ. Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe,





*Por.* Marke you but that;
In both mine eyes he doubly ſee
In each eye one, ſweare by your
And there's an oath of credit.

*Baſſ.* Nay, but heare me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule
I never more will breake an oat

*Anth.* I once did lend my bo
Which but for him that had you
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be
My ſoule upon the forfeit, that y
Will never more breake faith ad

*Por.* Then you ſhall be his ſu
And bid him keep it better the

*Anth.* Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſw

*Baſſ.* By heaven it is the ſame

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon
For by this Ring the Doctor la

*Ner.* And pardon me my gent
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie

*Grat.* Why, this is like the m
In Sommer, where the wayes a
What, are we Cuckolds ere we

*Por.* Speake not ſo groſly, yo
Here is a Letter, reade it at you
It comes from *Padua* from *Bel*
There you ſhall find that *Portia*
*Nerriſſa* there her Clarke. *Lo*
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoo
And even but now returnd: I h
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* yo
And I have better newes in ſto
Then you expect: unſeale this
There you ſhall find three of y
Are richly come to harbour ſo
You ſhall not know by what ſ
I chanced on this Letter.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH